DREAMS.

Dreams, like children hand in hand,
Wander through the shadow-land;
All the night they softly creep
Down the corridors of sleep.

Dreams, like children, laugh and weep
In the mystic house of sleep;
Then hand in hand they run away,
Frightened by the noisy day.
—Robert Loveman, in Current Literature.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

BY MAJOR ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

"No sir, no fashionable watering place for me; I want rest and comfort during my holidays," said Alick Freeman to his friend, Casper Burns, with whom he was discussing the place where they should spend the two weeks' vacation allowed them by the bank in which they were both clerks, and of which their respective fathers were directors.

"We had a good time at Saratoga last year," said Casper Burns, adding, with a sly laugh, "but you are afraid of meeting Miss Julia Fletcher there again; well, I don't blame you; she is as rich and pretty and heartless as you find them—"

"No, confound it, Casper, Miss Fletcher is all right; it is I who was the fool, and a presumptuous one at that, for thinking she looked more favorably on me than she did on the score of fellows who danced about her like midges in the sun. I hate fashion. Why, only the strongest constitution can stand the dressing, the driving, the dining and dancing of those fashionable watering places. We want rest, or, rather, change. Now what do you say to White's Inlet?"

"White's Inlet? Never heard of such a place," replied Casper.

"Then I'll enlighten you," said Alick Freeman, stopping in the midst of packing his trunk and turning to his friend. "White's Inlet is near Barnegat—"

"Down on the Jersey coast?"

"Certainly; the fishing is good, the shooting tip-top, and there is no such place for boating and bathing. And then it is pretty well out of the world, and the chances are we'll be the only visitors within miles—"

"And we can wear out our old clothes," interrupted Casper Burns.

"Of course no one would think of wearing anything but old clothes down at White's Inlet. Oh, we'll have a splendid time, free as the winds, and almost like being in a state of nature—"

"I know, Alick, but people in a state of nature eat and sleep; how are we to obtain those necessary comforts?"

"The point is well taken," said Alick, slamming down the lid of his trunk and facing his friend. "Right near the mouth of the inlet there lives a fisherman named White—"

"The inlet takes its name from him?"

"Just so; and he has all accommodations necessary. I sent him word we'd be down next week, and he's expecting us."

"Got any pretty daughters?"

"No; that's the beauty of it; has no one but his wife, and the only neighbor is a mile and a half away across the inlet. Oh, we'll have peace and no end of a good time," said Alick Freeman, rubbing his hands in anticipation of the pleasure in store for them.

The result of this interview was that the young men found themselves at White's Inlet within a week. After leaving the cars they had to go in a wagon some twenty miles over a sandy road that ran through a forest of funereal pines and distorted scrub oaks, on which the sun beat with tropical intensity and along which the mosquitoes prowled in fierce, bloodthirsty bands.

"It doesn't look promising, I must confess," said Alick Freeman, as they got out of the wagon which they had hired at a round price to fetch them over, "but it looks as if we might have all the quiet here that heart could wish for." This was Alick's first visit to the place, which had been recommended to him by a bachelor friend, and though he pretended to like it, he felt in his heart that it was not all he desired.

"It must be a splendid place for fish," said Casper, with a grim smile.

"Oh, it is! Why, there's no end of fish out there," said Alick, waving his hands at the water.

"If it isn't a good place for fish," continued Alick, "then it's about the most worthless place I ever set eyes on."

Sam White, a weather-beaten man of fifty, came out of the cabin to welcome his guests and help them in with their "traps," as he called the goodly array of baggage they had brought with them.

Mrs. White looked enough like her husband to be a twin, but she was a clean, wholesome, hearty woman, as unconventional as the most ardent admirer of nature could wish.

The young men were given a room—there were only four apartments in the house—in the annex made of the section of the wrecked "Eliza Jane." The windows had once admitted light to the captain's cabin, and it required no stretch of the imagination to picture themselves on shipboard. The very decorations of the chamber had a strongly marine aspect, from the highly colored print of a naval battle to the shell that answered for a soap cup.

The young men were hungry and dusty and in no good humor; so that while washing and changing their traveling dress for natty sailor costumes, they did not exchange many words, though Alick ventured to say:

"I'm sure, old fellow, we'll like it hugely after we get used to it."

"People like whisky and opium after they get used to them, but is it worth while acquiring the habit?" said Casper Burns, with a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

Alick was about to respond at a venture, but at that moment Mrs. White, without the formality of knocking, put in her head to say that dinner was ready, and to add that in her opinion they "was purty nigh starved."

There was a roast duck, two or three kinds of fish, potatoes like snowballs, hot biscuit and yellow butter, and a pot of steamed coffee, all served on a clean crash table-cloth.

Sam White asked a long, old-fashioned blessing, to the great amazement of the young men, who expected to find him a profane old sea dog, and then he said:

"You must make a long arm, boys, and help yourselves."

"Well," said Casper, as they strolled down to the beach after dinner, "I must confess I haven't enjoyed a meal so much for years. I was hungry and it went to the right spot."

"Oh, this is just the place for an appetite. You can find one here sooner than in any other part of the country," said Alick, handing Casper a cigar, and feeling that there was something to redeem the place in the eyes of his friend.

As they stood on the shore the sun was setting, and the blue expanse took on a crimson tinge. They sat down on the white sand, and they could see away up the shore and across the inlet two figures—females. One of them had a white scarf about her head and the other a scarlet one, but beyond this the young men could not make them out.

"Ah! it is a comfort to know we are not wholly shut out from the world," said Casper, blowing a whiff of smoke in the direction of the figures.

"I am willing to worship at a distance," replied Alick. "I'm glad the inlet separates us, but I've no doubt they are the wives or daughters of some of the fishermen up the beach."

"Them?" said Sam White, when one of the young men asked him who his fair neighbors were, "them's some folks from the city as have taken the ole Benner place for the summer. It's more lonelier over there than it is here, but when ole Cap'n Benner he was a-livin', there was no end of company over there, but that's years and years ago."

"I suppose there's no danger of any of the strangers coming over here?" asked Alick Freeman, with the slight hope that the old fisherman would say there was a great deal of danger.

"Not the least bit," replied Sam White, "but as there's two young ladies over there and two young men over here, why, the chances is that somehow they'll get together afore long."

"That's human nature," said Mrs. White, looking up from the potatoes she was peeling; "the boys'll seek out the gals just as ducks goes barefooted to the water."

Alick hinted that he was an exception, and that while he did not positively hate the other sex, their presence was essential to his misery, and much more to the same effect, all of which Mrs. White heard with a twinkle in her gray eyes that plainly told she had her doubts, not of the young man's sincerity, but of his reasoning.

The friends slept in the cabin that night, as they had not slept for years. Through the little windows the cool sea breeze poured in, laden with health and the balmy odor that brings sleep.

When they awoke the sun was flashing on the sea and transforming into a snow bank the bar about two miles out, where a great, black buoy rose and fell on the waves.

They had a dip in the ocean that sharpened their appetites, and after breakfast they started off with Sam White to fish outside the bar over a spot known to the firshermen of that coast as the "wreck," though there was nothing on the surface to indicate that ever a wreck had taken place there.

The fishing was all that it had been represented—indeed, the fish bit so fast as to change the sport into hard work and rob it of much of its pleasure. On their return they caught a glimpse of the two female figures beyond the inlet and far up the beach, and Casper Burns waved his hat to them and the two white handkerchiefs were waved back in reply.

The friends soon grew to like this strange life, and they began to feel that the earth had lots much less desirable than that of a fisherman—but so far they had only played with the ocean in its sleep.

They frequently saw the ladies up the beach, and they made an effort to learn who they were, but Sam White either could not or would not gratify them.

Three days before the expiration of their leave of absence Sam White proposed to take them up the shore to a point from which they could get a good view of the New York yacht regatta, which was to have a race.

Alick Freeman, still declaring he wanted to see nothing that might remind him of the world he had left until he returned to it, decided to to remain back.

Alick did not long enjoy the part of hermit which he volunteered to play. He strolled along the shore with his fishing pole on his shoulder, and cast many an anxious glance in the direction where he had often seen the young ladies, but they did not gladden his sight. No doubt they had gone off to look at the regatta.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Alick Freeman put on his bathing dress and went down to the beach. He was a good swimmer, though until this summer all his practice had been in tideless, fresh water lakes or streams.

He boldly plunged through the rim of surf and swam out for a hundred yards, rising and falling on the swells that rolled in and broke on the white shingle.

"I'll lie on my back and let the waves wash me in." Suiting the action to the thought, Alick threw himself on his back—he could float without moving a muscle—and, closing his eyes, he was rocked by the swells, which he imagined were bearing him nearer and nearer to the shore.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and, wondering why he was not thrown among the breakers, as he expected, Alick Freeman turned over on his face and rubbed the water from his eyes.

Instead of being near the shore, he was a half mile out, and the tide, on which he had not counted, was bearing him rapidly to sea.

He took in the situation in and instant, and, though realizing the danger, he did not lose his presence of mind. His safety depended on his coolness.

He struck out for the shore, half throwing himself from the water by his powerful strokes, but all in vain. The tide still dragged him out farther and farther toward the foaming bar, on whose white crest tossed the black buoy.

He took off his wide-brimmed straw bathing hat and waved it in the hope that some one might see him; then, anxious to reserve his strength, he again threw himself on his back and drifted with the tide in the line of the buoy. "If I can reach that," he thought, "I can cling to the chains till help comes—if it ever does."

Before entering the line of breakers that marked the bar, he again waved his hat, then threw it away.

He reached the buoy, but the chains that kept it anchored were slimy and covered with seaweed, yet he so placed his body across the chains as to keep from drifting farther to sea, and there he hung for what seemed an age.

The sun was setting, and he was losing all heart, as well as all strength, when he heard a shrill voice above the thunder of the breakers.

He tried to reply.

The next instant a boat with a single occupant—a girl—at the oars, shot past him and turned toward the buoy.

"Where are you?" she shouted.

"Here! Here!"

Alick let go his hold, and, with a new strength made for the boat.

The young heroine caught him and helped him on board, and the moment he was safe he fainted.

When he came to he was back on the shore, and Sam White and Casper Burns, who had come up, were chafing him with the aid of a gentleman whom Alick recognized as Julia Fletcher's father.

"Take him up to the house," said Mr. Fletcher, "and then go to your cabin for his clothes. Poor fellow, he had a hard tussel for his life!"

But the heroine? Well, as the fates would have it, Mr. Fletcher, his wife and his neice, Dora Weldon, had gone off to see the regatta, and Julia, acting under a whim, as the others supposed, remained at home. She saw the swimmer in distress, and interpreted his signals, though she knew not at the time who he was. She ran to the inlet, got a boat and boldly started out with the result already shown.

Next day Alick was himself, and he sent word to the bank about his accident, the result being that he and Casper had an extension of another week.

How the time was spent we need not say. Alick owed it to his fair preserver to become her servant, and so he was with her nearly all the time, strolling on the sandy roads and salt-marshy byways.

"Never had such a pleasant summer in my life as at White's Inlet," said Alick to a friend some years after. "It's so nice and quiet there. Casper and I were unmarried and clerks then, but we roughed it and enjoyed it, eh, Casper?"

"We met our wives, or rather, we became engaged there," laughed Casper. "So you see it'd have to be a rough place that wouldn't seem pleasant under such circumstances."
—New York Ledger.

Lucky.

May—Did you and Cholly have any luck fishing?

Maud—He did; I didn't.

May—Then you're not engaged, after all?

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A laboratory for the study of cave animals has been established in some subterranean passages lately found under the Jardin des Plantes, Paris.

After a trial of two years, Dr. I. A. Bridges reports that the best treatment for sprains known to him is the application of electricity once a day for five to seven days, with massage for five minutes twice a day.

The venom of bees—claimed to be a remedy for cancer, snake bite and other ills—is now regularly collected by two young pharmacists. The bees are held singly by the abdomen in a small glass tube or enraged together in a bottle until the tiny drops of poison are discharged.

The eleventh award of the Bressa prize of the Turin Academy of Sciences, having a value of nearly $2000, will be for the most important scientific achievement of the years 1895-98. Persons of any nationality may compete, their printed work to be sent in before the close of 1898.

What is claimed to be an incombustible celluloid—a product greatly desired—is made by M. Asse. It by mixing a solution of one part of celluloid in ten of acetone with a solution of two parts of magnesium chloride in six of alcohol. When the paste is dried an uninflammable celluloid remains.

It has been a source of interest and wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

The prehistoric monuments of France, England and Germany have been carefully recorded. The first American archæological map is that of Ohio, on which, in three years, the curator of the Ohio Archæological and Historical society has located more than five thousand village sites, mounds, fortifications and graves, while probably ten thousand remain to be put down.

An independent electric light plant for each car of a train has been adopted by more than twenty English railways. Each carriage is provided with a dynamo and storage battery, the former being driven from the axle and so arranged that it is at rest when the speed of the train is less than twenty kilometers (thirteen miles) an hour, the battery then supplying the current. One half or all the lamps can be switched on by the conductor. The weight for each car is 450 pounds, and the apparatus costs $250.

Volcanoes are very superficial pricks in the earth's crust, according to J. Logan Lobley. In a paper to the London Geological society he has sought to prove that lava cannot have been forced to the surface from a depth as great as thirty miles, as fissures, to serve as conduits, could not exist at that depth, while the lava would be consolidated before passing through so much cool rock. The overlying weight would cause the rocks, even at a depth of ten miles, to be practically plastic, making continuous fissures impossible.

Wit of the "Plumed Knight."

The late James G. Blaine was credited, even by those who disliked him, with remarkable command of temper, and his courtesy was unfailing.

On one occasion a decision which he made as speaker of the House greatly enraged a new member, who waited on Pennsylvania avenue after the House adjourned, with some friends, declaring that he would "have it out or fight."

"You can't," said one of his friends. "Nothing you can say will get the better of Blaine's good humor and politeness."

"We'll see!" said the enraged man, as he caught sight of the stately figure of the speaker coming slowly toward him. He stepped forward quickly and stood across his path.

"Mr. Blaine," he said, loudly, "I don't know you. I am no acquaintance of yours. But I take the liberty of telling you, sir, that you are a fool and a jackass!"

"Indeed," said Blaine, mildly. "Now, I wonder," regarding him thoughtfully, "what kind of a liberty you would have taken if I had been one of your intimate friends." And bowing courteously, he passed on, while the companions of the congressman burst into a shout of laughter.—Short Stories.

A Thing to Wonder At.

A farmer was driving a mule in southwest Georgia when a storm came up and lightning struck the animal.

The farmer never left his wagon, but with voice and whip kept urging the fallen mule to rise. But the latter gave no signs of life.

Then the farmer jumped from his wagon, walked around the animal two or three times, and then exclaimed in genuine astonishment:

"That last streak o' lightnin' has ackchully killed that mule. Who would ha' thought it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

James F. Babcock, the inventor of the fire-extinguisher bearing his name, has just died at his home in Dorchester, Mass., at the age of fifty-three years.

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Loose Wagon Tires.

After so much wet weather it might be supposed that wagon tires would give no trouble on even the oldest and most dilapidated wheels. This is true so long as the roads are muddy. But nowhere in August will the roads remain wet very long. The previous thorough wetting which the wheels have had during the recent wet weather has swollen the woodwork, which shrinks all the worse for this when exposed to sun and winds. It pays to paint the woodwork of wheels once a year, doing it when the wood is thoroughly dry. If the wheel has an application of linseed oil when dry, much of it will soak in the wood, and the painting will last longer without renewing.

When to Handle Bees.

To handle bees with the most satisfaction, select the warm, bright days, when the bees are flying most. The fact is, the warmer the day, the less danger of stings.

Avoid as much as possible working with them on cool, cloudy days, as they will be always found more irritable on such days. Also avoid handling them early in the morning and late in the evening, for the same reason.

Bees abhor being molested at night, and no work can be performed with them at that time with any satisfaction.

They are always the most peaceable when they are gathering honey, and may be handled as safely as a brood of chickens.

Sorghum For the Silo.

While no kind of grain as feed can supersede corn in cheapness and value, sorghum is a formidable rival to it for fodder, especially when put up in the silo. It stands drough better, which is likely to make it popular in the arid portions of the West, where corn often fails. The sorghum has too tough a stalk to feed green, but when cut and put in the silo there is enough fermentation to soften the stalks so that they can be eaten. The sweetness of the sorghum furnishes carbonaceous nutriment just as does the starch of corn grain, and in even more palatable form. Wherever cane sugar is made in the South the workmen who attend the grinding always grow fat from the sugar they eat.

Muck Overestimated.

Many people still think that black, mucky soil must necessarily be very rich. But the fact that it remains without fermentation shows either that it has little nitrogenous value, or that it is so saturated with water that it has become sour. Yet we have known many city people buy black muck from swamps to pot flowers in, and pay twenty-five to fifty cents per bushel baskets for it, when dry earth from the side of the road, with much less vegetable matter, would be much better. Most muck, especially from swamps, lacks mineral fertility. It is easy to handle and to work in, and this is what makes it popular. But it needs both ammonia and potash to give the best results.

Drying Wet Grain.

All who are used to handling either brick or tile, know that when thoroughly dry they will absorb a great amount of water without being saturated. Advantage is taken of this fact by grain dealers and farmers, who place dry bricks which are easiest to handle and least likely to break among damp grain to prevent it from heating. It is surprising what an effect this will have if a very few bricks are interspersed through the heap. Each brick will absorb fully half a pint of water if it is dry to begin with. This will dry out the surplus moisture out of a good many bushels of damp grain. This might be used in mowing away damp hay or grain in the bundle, though in neither of these positions is there so much likelihood of injury as there is where threshed damp grain is closely confined in bins.

Waste of Sweet Corn Stalks.

This is the time of year when the sweet corn ears are gathered. Usually on each stalk there are two or more ears, one fully ready for use as green corn, the other small and immature. To save this last the stalk is left uncut. But in most cases the second and always the third ear is too small to be profitably marketed. Whenever there is only one ear on a stalk it should at once be cut and fed to the cow or horse. It is worth more then than it ever will be again. We are not sure that this is not true, even when there are one or more nubbins left on the stalk, if fed to milch cows. Ordinary fodder corn is very poor feed. It needs to be supplemented, as this sweet corn fodder does, with a greater amount of nutrition, which is worth as much in increased milk yield as it is in a few nubbins of corn. Sweet corn fodder is more wasted than any other. It is wasted in trying to save nubbins of corn worth more for feeding than they are for anything else.

To Enlarge Antwerp's Docks.

Five million dollars are to be spent by Belgium's Government in enlarging Antwerp's dock accommodations. A channel twenty feet deep and 200 feet wide is to be constructed, the quays are to be extended 3000 feet to the south, and this is but the prelude to more extensive improvements.